



THE EXHAUSTED STUDENT.

Fond Parent. "BLESS HIS HEART—ALWAYS STUDYING! READ HIMSELF ASLEEP—GEOGRAPHY NOW, OR SOMETHING OF THAT SORT, I'LL BE BOUND!"

[No. It's the Cookery Book.

A MUSICAL PETITION.

MY DEAR GLADSTONE,

THE Royal Academy of Music is in want of funds, and I hear that a Memorial has lately been addressed to you to notify the fact. Of course I need not ask if you have read this composition, for I know that as a conscientious servant of the State you carefully peruse every paper put before you, with as much pains and attention as you do your weekly *Punch*. I need therefore scarce remind you that, besides a number of equally good grounds for claiming aid from your Exchequer, it is urged in this memorial:—

"That the good effect upon the million of the introduction of practical music into the course of national education must afford HER MAJESTY'S Government perfect satisfaction with this important measure. As the public power of comprehending an art increases, to elevate the character of those whose duty is both to form the public taste and gratify it becomes more and more indispensable. Music has made prodigious progress in England during the last forty years, and it now holds prominent importance in the intellectual development of the country; coincident with this course of advancement have been the workings of the Royal Academy of Music, and the national advantages that might issue from such an Institution would increase with the natural capacity to benefit by them. The revived importance of Church Music is a significant feature of this progress; and another is the improvement in the Music of the Army; in both of which departments it would surely be of value to the authorities that have the granting of appointments, could they refer to certificates as to the competency of candidates for such appointments from an Institution like the Academy, which was dignified by the countenance of HER MAJESTY'S Government. In the consideration of the desirability and the capabilities of the Academy, the immense importance of music as furnishing occupation to the industrial classes must be taken into account, many thousands of the population being at present engaged in the manufacture of musical instruments, the engraving and printing of music, &c., and the extent of employment of this nature increases with the increase of the knowledge of the art throughout the country."

Surely, my dear GLADSTONE, for these reasons alone the Academy of Music is deserving of support; and although only a few nights of the Session now are left to you, I am sure you will name one of them to bring the application for a grant before the House. What is wanted the Memorialists have taken care to state; and you will not doubt their competence to judge of it when you see among their signatures such

COWPER AND WATTS.

"MR. COWPER said that the Trafalgar Fountains would be, in May, something to be proud of."—*His Speech*, March 31st.

WHY should those Fountains, made to hide
Yon WILKINS' job, provoke our pride?
They spoil our site, they waste our tin,
But shall not lead us into sin.

When first you laid the water on,
All hope of elegance was gone,
And now you want to make a boast
Of that sad proof of chances lost.

How proud we are, O yes, to view
Those stone dumb-waiters, squat and skew,
When every New Road stone-shop's store
Kept better fountains long before.

Let's show we know our own deserts,
Nor talk about our ugly squirts,
At least while two such fountains flow
As France displays at Brompton Show.

THE DENOMINATION OF SNOB.

THE *South Eastern Gazette* records the laying, by the EARL OF DARNLEY, of the foundation of the New Ragged School about to be built at Gravesend. The Clergy and Dissenting Ministers of the town were invited, and plenty of the latter came; but the former were conspicuous by their absence, and particularly two of them, who did not even answer the invitations they had received. A reverend nonconformist had to perform the suitable devotions. The noble Earl, professing himself "a strict Churchman," regretted to find that the Gravesend clergy "were totally unrepresented on the occasion," and "that amongst otherwise pious and godly men a system of exclusiveness prevailed." What is the meaning of all this? Had the Dissenting Ministers insulted the Clergy, or did the Clergy mean to insult the Dissenting Ministers? Which were the Snobs?

M'Olellan's Last.

He that fights and reudes for a strategic reason,
May live to fight another season.

P.S. Yes, Sir.

NAMES AS BENNETT, GARCIA, SMART, BENEDICT, MACFARREN, LESLIE, MELLON, WALLACE, TETJENS, and JENNY LIND:—

"The Academy is not now to be considered as an experiment; the forty years' experience of its operations, through all its vicissitudes of fortune and of management, is a sufficient test of its capabilities. These capabilities are restricted by the extent of its funds, and qualified by the necessary means of acquiring these funds. It is not always the most gifted individuals who have the best pecuniary resources, and it is therefore deeply to be regretted that the present large rate of annual payment (three and thirty guineas) should be required from the pupils. While, therefore, the grant by Government of a building for the carrying on of the operations of the establishment (a support enjoyed by all the scientific and artistic bodies in the metropolis) would greatly relieve the academy of its apprehensions, the concession of yet more liberal assistance would give the power of diminishing the charges to students, and increasing the number of free scholarships, and thus vastly enhance the benefits of the Institution."

Being devoted to "the spreading of a pure knowledge of art and the extending of its refining influence," the Academy of Music, if helped liberally by Government, might really work such wonders as one hardly dares to guess at. If only properly encouraged, there is very little doubt that its "refining influence" might eventually be extended to street-singers and musicians; and that, being instructed in a "pure knowledge of art," these performers would no longer cause such torture as they now do to the ears of all who hear them. Much as I now loathe, detest and execrate street-music, I should not complain if JOACHIM came once a week or so and played a bit of BEETHOVEN awhile beneath my window; nor should I growl or grumble if a MARIO or a SIMS REEVES were now and then to serenade me with ROSSINI or MOZART. Well, you see if the Academy of Music be supported, there really is no saying how the JOACHIMS and MARIOS and SIMS REEVES may be multiplied; and I am sure that this reflection will be in itself sufficient to incline a liberal Government to be liberal in its grant. Music, it is said, has done much for the million; and something short of a million might do much for music.

With just a nudge to PAM to back you in the matter, I remain, my dear GLADSTONE, yours most sincerely,

PUNCH.

PUNCH'S ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.



into Ramsgate is, that everybody there is on the rail from morning to night, railing at the landladies' charges, cribs, and cribbings. *Note to Sojourners.* When a landlady, with some ostentation, has given you a Bramah key of the cheffonier, and hoped you will be very careful in locking up your brandy and so on, draw the article of furniture from the wall and examine the rear. Some of these depositaries are ingeniously made to open with a flap at the back. We wouldn't have peached, MRS. BUFFINS, but you were so rude as well as so exacting, and you know you stole that champagne. Six hundred and fifty-five Ladies of Berkshire, signified, *via* LORD ABINGDON (motto "*Virtus Ariete Fortior*"), that they would (circumstances favouring) marry their deceased Sisters' Husbands.

The Scotch Salmon Bill passed the Lords, the EARL OF GALLOWAY (motto "*Firecat vulnere virtus*") having tried to get the Solway taken out of the measure, we have no idea why. Love swells like the Solway and ebbs like its tide, as LOCHINVAR *filis*, observed, but we do not see the bearing of the fact upon salmon. The Bill is law, and we hope LORD GALLOWAY's Virtue will Flourish all the more for this extremely slight Wound to his self-importance.

MR. S. FITZGERALD inquired what measures were being taken for the protection of English subjects and property at New Orleans. A very proper inquiry, considering that British ladies may be there, and that GENERAL BUTLER certainly is. The answer was rather mystical, but assurance was given that the subject is being attended to by the Government.

We pay £39,747 to Dissenting ministers in Ireland. MR. HADFIELD, *Punch* is bound to say, with consistency, moved in Supply that this vote be refused. SIR ROBERT PEEL's happy faculty of saying graceful things again availed him, and he managed to intimate that the gift was a sort of political boon to the Irish Presbyterians. "A grant for bribing them, in fact," said our plain-spoken VISCOUNT WILLIAMS. "I did not say that." "But that is what you meant" continued the downright nobleman. "You bribe them to be loyal, and this is needless, for there is not a disloyal man in the kingdom." Bravo, our dear Lord, but this comes of conferring hereditary honours on patriots. If you did not wear a glittering coronet, such an utterance would be an honest honourable testimony from a man of the people. Of course the vote passed, despite PEEL the Putter-of-foot-in-it.

A capital bit of LORD DUNDREARY. Everybody knows that DANIEL MACLISE has put up a most noble work at Westminster. Opposite to it is a lancet window, which throws all kinds of intrusive colours upon the painting. Complaint is made by LORD H. LENNOX, and DUNDREARY COWPER says that a fellow can't do everything, no fellow can be expected to do everything, you know, he had ordered a deaf person—stop—no he had ordered a blind person—no, no, a blind person couldn't see a picture, you must see that—it was a blind, not a person, that's right, at least he had ordered a person to put up a blind, and that most inadequate—stop, he wasn't inadequate—inadvertent, that was it—that inadequate person had gone, at least he hadn't gone, and not put the thing up.

LORD PALMERSTON, in reference to Belgrave, said that the authorities seemed to have got an unpleasant way of bombarding the townspeople,

but that the Consuls were to intimate that this was rather like administrative eccentricity.

The Royal Academy then came to grief, LORD ELCHO carrying a motion for a commission to inquire into its goings on. MR. COWPER surrendered without a blow, but amiable LORD JOHN MANNERS, certainly without intending it, said the cruellest thing. He "hoped that the Royal Academy would not be again attacked while there were so many distinguished foreign artists in London." Just so—while everybody feels uncomfortable in mentioning before foreign artists the name of the Academy, which actually refused M. MEYERBEER a ticket for the Dinner, and excluded other "distinguished foreign artists" in order to make room for people who had as much business at the board as the beadies in the hall. A cruelly hard hit, LORD JOHN, and highly calculated, as your respected motto says, "*Pour y Parvenir*," if that means to Attain the Object of serving out your protégés.

LORD PAM having "chafed" MR. SCULLY upon his exertions in favour of Cork, and MR. SOLICITOR-GENERAL having rebuked MR. SOLICITOR COX for acting as the organ of some Law Stationers, in opposition to certain Chancery Reforms, there was more Supply. The PREMIER told a gay story about a sailor's wife, and complimented the young diplomatic service, which MR. LAYARD said had long ceased to deserve the "cigar and kid-glove" conventional reproach. But there is a certain order of Dull Dogs who will no more surrender this bit of wit than they will cease to describe aldermen as having protuberant stomachs, will abstain from throwing a light upon the subject, when they turn on gas, or will desist from calling a thing, "far-fetched," because they cannot understand it. Our young friends the diplomatists must continue to writhe under such epigrams as those of MR. WHITE, of Brighton. Then came a little Fortifications debate, and LORD PALMERSTON informed MR. BERNAL OSBORNE that he was known to have a "mania" on the subject, and that his opinion was valued accordingly.

Tuesday. The Thames Embankment Bill came before the Lords for Second Reading. The DUKE OF BUCCLEUCH, (motto, "*Amo*") came amiably out of the controversy, complaining that he had been misrepresented, and that though he certainly saw great practical objections to the scheme, independently of his natural objection to the disturbance of his privacy, he bowed to the decision of the House of Commons. The Prince's Bow, and the Beaufort Bow were—and MR. PUNCH'S Bow is—among the Marvels—the Buccleuch Bow shall henceforth take its place among gracefulnesses. Other lords talked, but not over wisely, and so it sufficeth to say that the important feature in the Bill is now officially declared safe—safe it of course, in fact, was from the moment MR. PUNCH'S eagle eye fell on the dispute.

CAPTAIN GRANT says that he has improved Army Cooking, and the House, by a majority of one only, supported the Government in its decision not to give him any more money than reimbursed his experiment expenses. But the monovote has obtained him an official rehearing. MR. MILNER GIBSON does not consider that railway engineers, who are very highly paid for their skilled labour, and who, if they work extra hours, do so voluntarily and for extra pay, have any claim to the attention of Parliament. MR. GLADSTONE has the same idea in reference to the Postmen, whose complaints SIR GEORGE BOWYER brought up. The CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER thinks that they are very well paid, considering that they are of "a low class" of men, and have nothing in the way of brain-work to do except see that they knock at the door indicated on the letter, and moreover, are better paid than the Policeman, who has every kind of work to do, from the fighting seven Irishmen at once, to the directing a Mossoo from Bethnal Green to Belgrave Square.

MR. CHARLES PELHAM VILLIERS, President of the Poor Law Board, then brought in his Bill for relieving the distress in the Manufacturing Districts. The relief is confined to Lancashire and Yorkshire, and the plan is to work out the noble old plan of the Elizabethan statesmen. A parish overweighted by poor rate is to be able to call on the Union, and an over-weighted Union is to be able to call on other Unions. MR. BOUVIERIE, who formerly held the same office, did not think that a case had been made out for such a Bill. The House of Commons thought otherwise. The Bill was introduced, and was debated on Thursday night, and read a Second Time, the Committee being fixed for the following Monday. It is at present forbidden to England to mediate between those whose fratricidal strife is the cause of the distress, but at least it is permitted to her to interpose between starvation and those who have hitherto bravely borne the hardest form of sorrow.

Wednesday. A small attempt by MR. HADFIELD at an interference with the law of judgments having been pronounced "most objectionable" by the ATTORNEY-GENERAL, and MR. HADFIELD being snuffed out, it was proposed to go into Committee on the Night Poaching Bill. A regular row ensued. There is a large majority in favour of some such measure, but the minority is strong and determined. So the House went at it hammer and tongs. The same disruption of parties, to which MR. PUNCH has before alluded, occurred. LORD STANLEY opposed the Bill as bad, and also impolitic, MR. BASS, on the other hand supported it, owning birds as well as beer, and MR. NEWDEGATE, a keen sportsman, wished the Bill made more moderate. The scene in the House was edifying, and the noise made by some of the antagonists

was preternatural. Nevertheless, there was a majority of 90 for going into Committee, and there were varying majorities of 76, 129, 123, and 70 on other fights, and the battle was renewed on the next evening when the Committee fought over the First Clause till three in the morning, the promoters of the Bill winning by majorities varying from 62 to 79. The House has fairly waked up for a Game Fight.

Thursday. Bills pass as fast as cabs after the opera. A little Divorce Bill, as it was called, though merely a continuance measure relative to collusion cases, gave LORD REDBURN (motto "*Equiliter et Diligenter*") an opportunity of losing his Equability, and showing some angry Diligence in abusing the new system of Divorce. Living at Batsford, he is rather shortsighted.

SIR GEORGE GREY promised a Bill, next year, for abolishing Metropolitan turnpikes. So these nuisances will be done away, and that fellow at a pike which might be named, who keeps bad half-crowns to change for the good ones tendered to him, and bullies until he gets good money for bad, had better look out for a new occupation; something highly genteel in the garotting line *Punch* would suggest. MR. LAYARD announced that a Commercial Treaty between this country and Belgium had been signed. Between the interesting debates to which *Mr. Punch* has already referred, an uninteresting one intervened, and an attempt was made at a Count while SIR H. BRYCE was speaking. But the excellent motion was wrecked on the Sands in that detested glass of the SPEAKER, and in came a lot, headed by the silver-haired ATTORNEY-GENERAL, were counted, and went out again. *Mr. Punch*, who meant to have gone to the opera, flew at one of the beautiful little telegraphs, and frantically spelt out to *Mrs. Punch*, G.O.B.Y.Y.O.U.R. S.E.L.F.L.E.A.V.E.O.U.T.T.H.E.B.R.A.N.D.Y.

Friday. A Fortifications Debate in the Lords, and LORD ELLENBOROUGH (motto, *Compositum jus fasque animi*) not only wishes to Unite Law And Equity but also to unite complete safety for England with judicious economy. He seemed to disapprove of the outlay for our

Educational army of "3000 stalwart men and strong-minded women." He was also good enough to give some excellent advice to the EMPEROR OF THE FRENCH. The DUKE OF SOMERSET (motto, *Foy pour devoir*) declared that the Navy was conducted upon principles of the strictest economy, and the DUKE OF CAMBRIDGE (motto, *Dieu et mon Droit*) was of course instructed to say the same for the Army. LORD MALMESBURY (motto, *Ubique patriam reminiscit*) did not doubt the EMPEROR, but the French of the Future. EARL GREY (motto, *De bon vouloir servir le roy*) served the country by showing ill-will generally, and EARL RUSSELL (motto, *Che sara sara*) believed that what will be will be, but that if we have a good militia and home resources, and defend our arsenals we have little else to fear. The Bill was read a Second Time.

In the Commons there was an interesting Canadian debate, in which divers great guns discharged themselves. SIR GEORGE LEWIS thought that there was no immediate danger of hostilities with the Northern States of America, for though they were awfully riled at our recognising the South as belligerents, they would see that we could do nothing else, especially as the North did the same by not treating the Southern vessels as pirates. It was intimated that we had sent all the men to Canada whom we intended to send, and that it would be well for that Colony to take note of the fact.

A dialogue between MR. C. BENTINCK and MR. COWPER on the Parliamentary Franchise brought the week's discussions to an end. MESSRS. MACLISE, CORN, and WARD received unqualified praise. MR. HERBERT's delay in completing his work was attributed to his honourable anxiety to make it as perfect as possible; but MR. DYCE, who has had all his money, but has not done his work, and is keeping the QUEEN out of the robing-room, was not quite so politely spoken of, though MR. COWPER, like the nobleman in *Love's Labour Lost*—

"Chide the Dyce in honourable terms."

Punch defies his friend, the REVEREND ALEXANDER D. to supply a more appropriate citation.

A SWELL'S COMPLAINT.



"St. James's Square.
B.—Being yourself of ignoble extraction—you will pardon my frankness—I take it for granted that you are tremendously aristocratic, and that you will sympathise with me in the feeling I am about to express.

"What a very disgusting thing it is that we resort to the lowest class for all our slang phrases and other assistance to wit. Upon my life, it is not exactly the credit of Swelldom that no word that ever becomes popular can be traced to the gilded saloons and all that, but comes from the public house, or the prison, or the cabstand, or some such low quarter. I remember no exception, since his lamented Grace the DUKE OF WELLINGTON certainly made 'and no mistake' the word of the day.

"The statement in reference to universal serenity, the inquiry as to the information possessed by one's mamma as to one's absence from home, the intimation that a lodging was not open to a person named MR. FERGUSSON, the expression of disbelief comprised in the mention of the name of MR. WALKER, the ironical demand whether you are not anxious to obtain the matter in question, the suggestion for placing your friend's decision in the tube that contains lighted tobacco, the semi-classical reference to the sinister shoulder, the apocryphal corruption of *Mihi et, Beate Martine*, the allusion to the symbol of mourning encircling the hat, the solicitation to use a hatchet upon the organ of sight, the direction to cease conversation (evidently the mere order to close a shop) are all, as their very nature shows, phrases taken from the inferior orders. Yet, how large a popularity they have in their time gained among us, and indeed but for them how many lively young gentlemen (swells—even that word is a thief's term) would have small claim to wit. And this senseless 'Any other Man' is, I understand, a mere catchword of some black-faced buffoon at a singing house.

"Don't you think, Sir, that it would be to the credit of the class to

which you and I belong, if the Aristocracy would invent something good, and save us from the humiliation of owing all our fun to the lower orders?"

"Yours affectionately,

"CORIOLANUS COCKY."

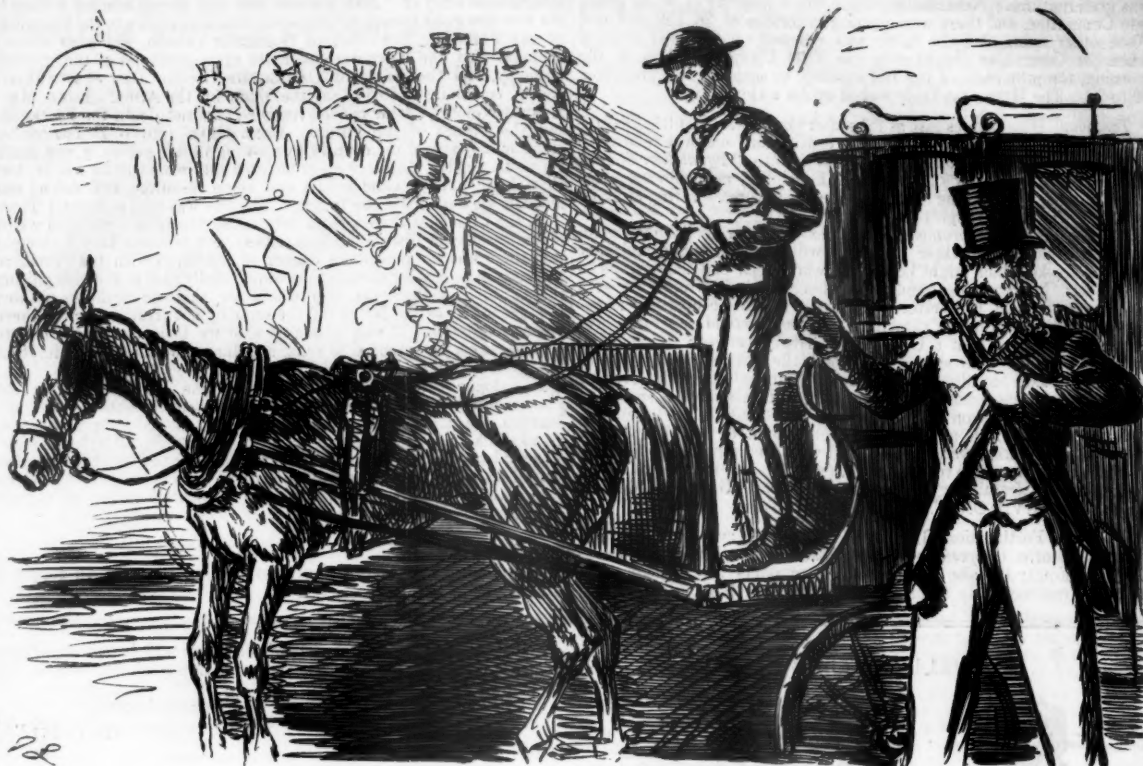
THE UNDERPAID POSTMEN.

Nobody can possibly be underpaid by any payment which he chooses to accept. The only way in which anybody can be underpaid is by paying him less than the sum that he was engaged for. These are the reasons why the present pay of the postmen is not, as SIR GEORGE BOWYER maintains, inadequate; and they also demonstrate that 9s. a week is enough for a Dorchester labourer. But the labour-market is the labour-market, and, by leave of MR. GLADSTONE, what is sauce for the goose is sauce for the gander. The country would be right, if it would be safe, in taking the lowest bidder for the office of CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER. It might obtain a statesman of sufficient ability to frame an equitable scheme of taxation on reasonable terms.

In a certain sense, on the other hand, it is undeniable that the postmen are underpaid. A postman cannot keep a carriage and an opera-box, or send his son to Eton, on 18s. or even 50s. a week: he cannot afford Lafitte, or even MR. GLADSTONE's smallest claret. He is paid more than a policeman; but what is that to the purpose? It may prove not that the postman is paid better, but only that the policeman is paid worse. Considered as a human being with an appetite for turtle and venison, a relish for champagne, a love of splendour, and an admirer of female beauty, how very few people are sufficiently paid! Think how scantily a soldier or a sailor is paid. Yet he takes all he can get, and the nation gives him as little as it prudently can. So tailors sweat their journeymen, and man-milliners cut their needlewomen down. It is all right; but the defenders of their country, as well as the needlewomen and the stitching tailors, are sadly underpaid in proportion to their capacity for enjoyment. According to this standard all public servants are deplorably underpaid, except some of the upper servants, as the Bishops, the great Law Officers, and the Ministers of the Crown.

Neck Deus Intersit.

THE American War is now virtually over, and we can only ask why it was not put a stop to sooner. The Senate has stepped in at last, and effectually finished the business by a simple enactment. All the Confederates were to lay down their arms in sixty days, and all who did not were to be hanged as rebels. The Federal Government has but to carry out this law, and there is an end of the struggle. How very odd that nobody thought of this earlier! However, never too late to mend the Union, even with a rope.



Infuriate Captain. "YOU SCOUNDREL, I'LL HAVE YOU UP AS SURE AS YOU ARE BORN!"

Cabby. "WHAT! SUMMONSE ME! OH NO, YER WON'T, MY LORD. YOU'LL NEVER TAKE THE TROUBLE."

[Exit CABBY with three and sixpence over his fare.

MORAL. It is better when you have a difference with a Cabman, to give him *your* Card, and let *him* Summon you.

THE FORENSIC SCHOOL FOR SLANDER.

WHILST the Press must not call a rogue a rogue, the Bar in its wig and gown, is privileged to libel anybody as much as it likes. *Mr. Punch* has always thought that there ought to be some limit to the lies and slander which counsel are permitted to utter on behalf of their clients. SIR C. CRESSWELL appears to be of the same opinion on this point with *Mr. Punch*. In the Court of Probate and Divorce, the other day, was tried a suit for dissolution of marriage and damages; SPEDDING (clerk) v. SPEDDING and LANDER. On behalf of the defendant, according to Law report:—

"DR. WAMBEY addressed the Court in mitigation of damages. This was the first time a clergyman of the Church of England had come forward, without blushing, to ask a jury to appraise his honour, or to avail himself of the action for criminal conversation, an action which an eminent judge had declared to be a disgrace to our law and manners. The probability was, that DR. LANDER was as much the seduced as the seducer; and if the jury gave the reverend gentleman 2,000 farthings it would be 1,999 too many."

In summing up, however, SIR C. CRESSWELL said:—

"There certainly could be no reason why a clergyman in a humble station in the church, who had been left to bring up a family without the assistance of his wife, should blush to ask damages of the adulterer who had deprived him of her society. They might rather ask whether the adulterer ought not to blush, when for the sake of saving his money he instructed his counsel to vilify the woman he had debauched! The co-respondent was not present, but he (SIR C. CRESSWELL) could not help looking to see whether the learned doctor who represented him did not blush when he put forward such an argument. (*A laugh.*) The learned doctor had resorted to the common, low, vulgar, and miserable cry that it was the woman who had been the seducer."

Counsel engaged in defending a blackguard before SIR C. CRESSWELL, or any other judge who is both a judge and a gentleman, will perhaps in future beware how they obey their client's instructions to the extent of resorting to a common, low, vulgar, and miserable cry, and venting calumnies which they know to be falsehoods that have been fabricated by him or his attorney, if not by themselves. If their impudence can stand the rebuke of a judge, their self-interest may yet mind the decision of a jury. The jury in the case above-cited, believed so much

of what the advocate for the co-respondent asserted, that they found a verdict for the petitioner, with £1,000 damages. Hence at least gentlemen of the long robe and lax principles may derive a warning to take some heed of the service for which they let their tongues, and not bellow their venal mouths with unscrupulous abuse, to the sole end of prejudicing the cause which they have to plead, and obtaining an adverse verdict.

MILITARY MERIT REWARDED.

WHAT did SIR G. C. LEWIS mean by the subjoined argument, which, if correctly reported, he urged against GENERAL LINDSAY'S motion for requiring the services rendered to the public by CAPTAIN GRANT in the invention of cooking apparatus and improvement of cookery for the Army?—

"CAPTAIN GRANT had already been compensated for all the expenses he had incurred. He was originally on full pay and was now on half-pay, and he could not therefore be said to be unremunerated for his services."

SIR G. C. LEWIS'S logical abilities oblige us to suspect that there must be some mistake in the last sentence. Should it not have been "He was originally on half-pay and was now on full pay?" That reading surely is required by the deduction which follows—"Therefore he could not be said to be unremunerated for his services." To remunerate an officer by reducing him to half-pay is to grant him the remuneration which was awarded to COLONEL BENTINCK. Is the improvement of army cookery and culinary apparatus a service of the same nature as that of bullying and intimidating an officer? The remuneration which consists in reducing a man's wages looks rather like the reward of demerit.

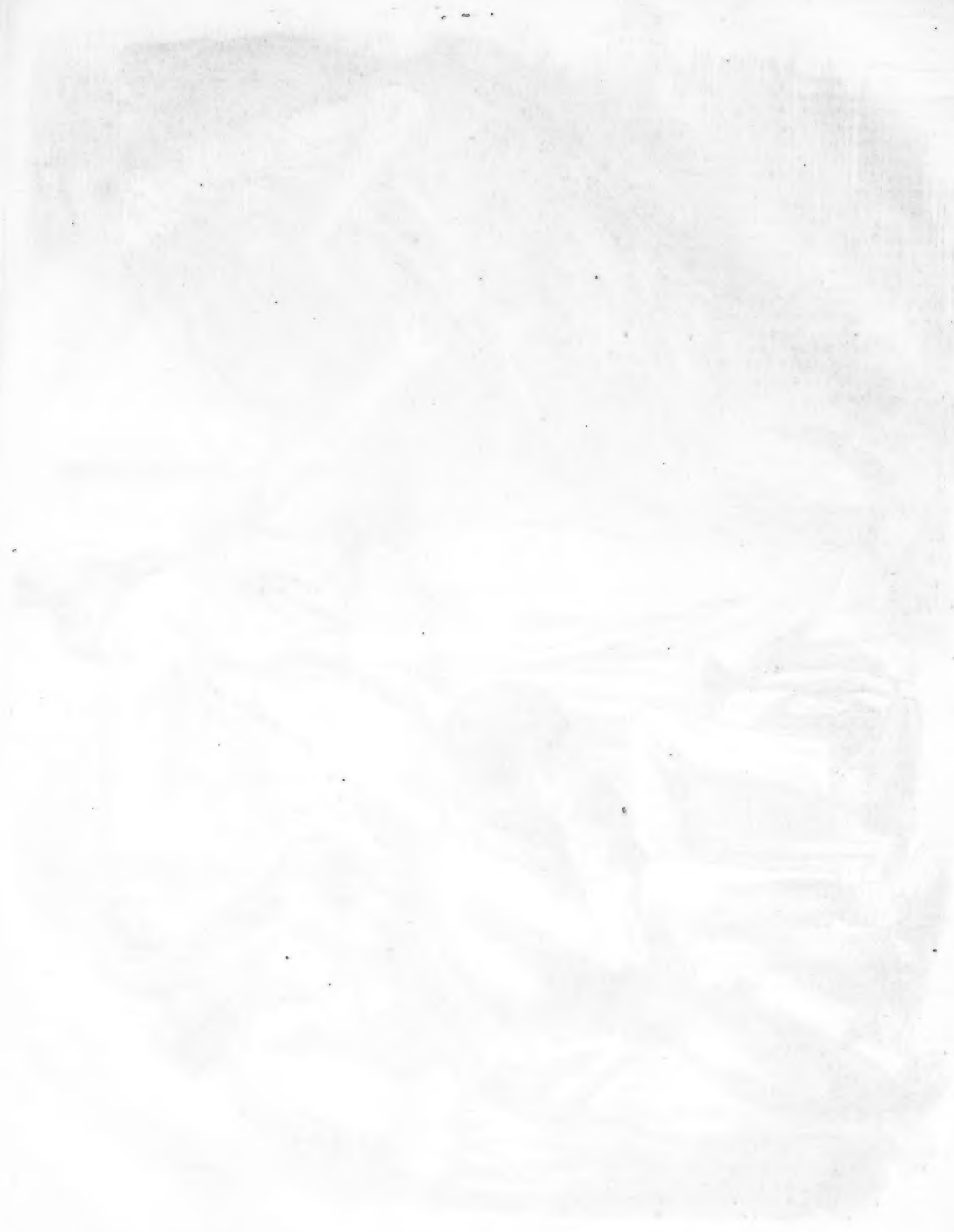
Quorum Pars.

IN a report of a Country Sessions case, we find that the solicitor for the defendant appealed to the feelings of the "Justices, as fathers." Is this his translation of the above?



HOME INTERVENTION.

BRITANNIA, "MY POOR, BRAVE CHILDREN! AT LEAST I MAY INTERVENE HERE."



THE HISTORY OF THE UNITED STATES
BY JAMES M. SMITH
PUBLISHED BY THE AUTHOR
NEW YORK: 1850

OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.

AFTER trying three and twenty different schemes for seeing the Exhibition systematically, I have come to the conclusion, in a very *Dundreary*-like humour, that it is one of those things *no* fellow can accomplish unless it be some one of indomitable patience and a regular "grinding" organ of Individuality, as for instance the ingenious editor of BRADSHAW'S *Railway Guide*, the Perpetual "Grand Vice" of the Statistical Club, or one of those painstaking gentlemen who always know how to do everything better than anybody else. As for me, I roam through the World's Fair as I should like to do through the world itself, somewhat carelessly—taking things as I find them—hardware, machinery, fine arts, food and clothing, silks and velvets, woollen and worsted—each and all are interesting in their way, from the rudest fabric of New Zealand to the latest conceit from Sévres. I wander about the great building, I say, note-book in hand, as becomes your faithful correspondent, on shilling days and half-crown days, and meet a score of worthies who wag their heads knowingly, and suppose I am registering jokes by the hundred. Only the other morning I encountered LADY MARENNEST (widow of the celebrated civic functionary of that name) who, observing me examine some mineral products with attention, thought fit to twit me about getting up an article for *Punch*. "Good Heavens, M'am," I said, "what fun can I make out of arsenical mundio? Do you suppose there is a vein of humour running through a Durham coal-field?" But that is the way with some unreasonable people. I declare ever since I have had the honour of being connected with your journal, I cannot make the commonest observation to certain friends without its being misconstrued, and the other day on asking a young lady whether she had been to see BLONDIN yet, she replied, "Go along, you funny thing—de," a sentence which I have since vainly attempted to interpret.

Having heard of the piping bullfinch in Switzerland, I made my way to that department on Saturday last, and found a crowd of people assembled round a little casket, where the automaton songster appears to roost for five days in the week. "Aw! When it's he going to *thing*?" asks some expectant swell with "Piccadilly weepers" of the most breezy character and beautiful gamboge coloured gloves. "Toosdays and Fridays," answers policeman X, who has mentioned those days about ten times over during the last minute. "Aw! Can't he lay an egg now—or do thomething else *to-day*?" continues he of the whiskers. "Toosdays and Fridays," repeats the peeler very sternly. "Aw! Vewy well. 'Spouse better turn up 'gain;" and here our friend went off muttering something about a "mons'ous baw."

There must be something peculiarly attractive to our national taste in the ascent of high places. I never met an Englishman at Rouen who did not want to mount the cathedral *flèche*, nor at Florence but he must go to the top of Giotto's tower. So in the International, our countrymen are climbing up the Tasmanian wood trophy, and insist on swarming into the revolving lantern from morn till sunset. Luckily there is no staircase to the Domes, or I am convinced there would be a shower of *aérolites* in the shape of pocket flasks and catalogues falling from the hands of enthusiasts on our devoted heads below. As it is, we sit in peace under the shadow of the *Liviskona Borbonica*, and listening to MENDELSSOHN'S famous Wedding March as the music rolls forth from the pipes of WALKER'S organ, we can see in one comprehensive glance Zolverein and Hanse Towns, Austria, Belgium, Switzerland and France represented under one capacious roof. I look up the S.W. transept, and round its huge window see inscribed these words:—

"DEUS IN TERRAM RESPEXIT ET IMPLEVIT ILLAM BONIS SUIS."

What a cheerful homily might be preached on that text—what a grateful congregation would assemble at such a shrine! I hope the reverend gentleman who is destined to occupy that beautifully carved pulpit from Louvain will remember where it has so long been standing, and shape his first discourse accordingly. If there be sermons in stones, how much more in the countless wonders we see around us here? "*Implevit illam Bonis suis*," and yet Dr. MAW-WORME would have us believe that everything is hateful, *ici-bas*! I think this world seems to each of us—what we make it, and whenever I hear a man sigh over its earthiness, I fancy he must have been some time grubbing in the soil himself.

An ingenious German exhibits some drawings and statuettes to illustrate his theories about the growth of that interesting animal—Man—from the age of fifteen to three hundred months, showing what height we *ought* to be at various stages of our life. Like most of the philosophical propositions emanating from Vaterland, this seems a little far-fetched, and how our statistical friend could have arrived at his average without separately studying the various effects of climate, parentage, gymnastics and premature grog—to say nothing of such exceptions as TOM THUMB and the Cremonne giant—it would puzzle anyone to imagine. For my part, having completed my 300th month, and standing, as I do, about sixty-five inches in my Balmorals, I am

disinclined to believe in any standard but that which Nature and my bootmaker designed for me.

One cannot help being struck in strolling through the various courts with the great display of candles—English, French, and German—"short sixes," "long fours," and "double wicks," was, tallow, and composite, piled up in all directions. One grand columnar trophy of this description bearing the inscription of APOLLO KERZEN UND SEIFEN, leaves us in doubt whether the soap and candles referred to are named after the god of light or whether the firm which supplies them is really that of Apollo and Sun.

I don't much care for French art as applied to manufacture. Most of the articles in the S.W. court which ladies admire as "elegant and tasteful" are the silliest gim-cracks ever seen. There is the old leaven of the last century about them—the spirit of *Rococo* with its shepherdesses and shepherdesses, its perverted shapes and misplaced ornament. I saw a huge carpet representing an episode in the life of NAPOLEON THE THIRD, and although, where that potentate is concerned, no one knows what may be upon the *tapis*, I must submit that rugs are not fit vehicles for pictorial illustration. Our English schools of design are attended by better results. I prefer HART'S and HARDMAN'S metal work to GAUTIER'S bronzes, and MINTON'S majolica to modern Sévres. It is in classes 90 and 94 that our Gallic friends are strongest, and when I lead my beloved Unknown to the hymeneal altar she shall don the silks of M. M. SAVOYE AND RAVIER, and wear one of CHEVALIER'S priceless veils.

ELIXIRS OF LONG LIFE.

MUCH valuable information on the Art of Prolonging Life may perhaps be derived from HUFELAND and FLOURENS, but by far the most eligible way of attaining to a good old age is indicated in the subjoined extract from the *Times* relative to DUKE PASQUIER, who has just departed this life at that of 96.

"THE VIRTUES OF A GOOD DINNER.—The fashionable Paris journal *Le Sport* mourns over the death of DUKE PASQUIER as an irretrievable loss to the lovers of good dinners. He was remarkable for his hospitality, and was particularly fond of having at his table three times in each week members of the Académie Française, and was known as '*la fourchette d'or*.' His dinners were remarkable for their taste. He was fond of good living, and attributed his long life to his alimentation. He looked upon the digestion as the centre of all the affections, feelings, and ideas. He presided over the organisation of his kitchen himself, leaving the manipulation to a female. His excellent dinners were said to have had much influence during his Ministry."

Biography, in the foregoing paragraph, is gastronomy teaching by example. Old CORNARO dieted himself, and so it seems did old PASQUIER, but on a more scientific and much preferable principle. CORNARO put himself on low diet, eating nothing that could hurt him; PASQUIER on full, taking care that all he ate should do him good. As to old PARR, with whose name certain Life Pills are associated, it is probable that he owed his length of days to taking no pills nor any other medicine, and to not eating any delicious Revalenta Arabica Food instead, for if in his time there had been any food of the kind to eat, it would have done him no good, and certainly there were no such pills to swallow. LORD BYRON mentions early rising as conducive to longevity, and pleasantly tells you that you may

"When coffin'd at fourscore,
Engrave upon your plate you rose at four."

PASQUIER was coffin'd at fourscore and sixteen, and his executors might have engraved upon his plate, which ought to have been a dinner plate, that he dined at seven, or whatever was his dining-hour, and used always to have the best dinner that he could obtain. DUKE PASQUIER appreciated the importance of digestion. He knew that—excuse the variation of a cherished couplet—

"Sauces and spice, and all meats nice,
Are what the greatest men are made of."

Our food turns into our blood, our blood into our solid substance, including our brain, and as our brains are, so are our minds. Mentally and bodily our quality depends upon what we eat and drink. The digestion is, as PASQUIER believed, the centre of all the affections, feelings, and ideas. There we consume the fuel that works the whole machine. Let us mind how we stoke ourselves. In PASQUIER'S long life we see the fruits of good living. We should endeavour to follow his admirable example. Let us preside over the organisation of our kitchens ourselves, and leave only the manipulation to a female. What is to hinder us from adopting that salutary system but the want of time and means? But so it is, unfortunately with some of us, whose best and wisest resolutions are frustrated by an excess of occupation and a deficiency of *E. & J.* Happy is he who can afford to be his own head cook. It is in no witch's kitchen that the elixir of life is brewed. Every gentleman can concoct it in his own.

"PAX IN BELLO."—The Dogs of War.



DIVERSIONS OF DRILL.

FACETIOUS SERGEANT. "— and at the word 'dismiss' you all immediately 'slope' without further word o' command."

PURITANS AND PLAYERS.

(From the "Quarterly Review" for August, 1885.)

THE Bicentenary Celebration of 1862 by which (as we showed at the time) the Dissenters of all classes, in imitation of the POPE of ROME, sought to consolidate their forces, was productive of the most brilliant results, and did great honour to the prescience of the farsighted MIALl, VAUGHAN, and BRIGHT. In a few years their triumph was complete, and the Church of England was reformed, church organs were destroyed, the beadle was dressed in decent black, and prayer-books ceased to be adorned with velvet and gold. Perhaps, had the new Puritan Fathers stopped here, there would not have been much to complain of, but the intolerant spirit broke out into violence, and, as in old days, ruthless war was waged against all who differed from the fierce bigots in power. As heretofore, the poor Player was the victim of the persecuting Puritan. In spite of the intercession of the benevolent but feeble LORD EBURY, his now tyrannical allies proclaimed war against the Theatres. SHAKSPEARE, SHERIDAN, KNOWLES, and TALFOURD were for a time allowed to be performed, but all lighter representations were suppressed. MIALl himself, hymn-book in hand, rushed upon the stage of the Lyceum at the thousand and second representation of *Peep o' Day*, and with a savage joke made, as he said, "shipwreck of FALCONER." DR. VAUGHAN, attended by a violent mob of fanatical young students from Homerton, broke into the Princess's Theatre during a performance, and though for a moment delayed by the belief that MR. KEAN was preaching, they no sooner discovered that the *Corsican Brothers* were being played, than they rushed upon the stage, scattered the affrighted actresses, and even the tears of CARLOTTA LECLERCQ only so far softened the rugged schismatics as to permit her and her sister-performers to depart unharmed on condition of their immediately joining the Abimelech Congregational Union. At the Haymarket, *Bubbles of the Day* was attempted, but BRIGHT suddenly entered, and with the voice of CROMWELL (at whom he now dressed) he cried, "Take away those Bubbles." The gallant LORD DUNDREARY, as became a Cavalier

AN OVATION TO AN AMBASSADOR.

ACCORDING to a news letter from Rome:—

"At Frascati the national party offered an ovation to COUNT KISSELEFF, Russian Minister, on the occasion of the recognition of the kingdom of Italy by the Cabinet of St. Petersburg."

The statement that certain persons offered a man an ovation is something new in the phraseology of penny-a-linings. It is generally said that So-and-so received, or that his admirers gave him, an ovation. That may mean that the people gave him a pelting with stale eggs, as we have before suggested. Even at Rome the Romans themselves would now no longer decree an ovation or minor triumph to a general for having gained a small victory, that is to say, if they had any generals of their own to honour; though they would doubtless be ready enough to give any one of the generals who dragoon them under the POPE an ovation of the other kind. Such an unsavoury ovation as that, however, is not the sort of ovation which the liberal Frascations could possibly have offered to COUNT KISSELEFF on the strength of the recognition by Russia of the Italian Kingdom, or indeed to anybody on any account whatever, because it is an ovation which everybody would decline. The ovation offered by them to the Russian Minister must have been one which they expected that his Excellency would accept; a savoury not an unsavoury ovation: perhaps it was a savoury omelet.

A Poem to Patti.

O CHARMING ADELINA!
How sweet is thy *Amina*!
How bewitching thy *Zerlina*!
How seldom has there been a
More tunable *Norina*!
And have I ever seen a
More enjoyable *Rosina*?
But to tell the praise I mean a—
—Las! there should have been a
Score more rhymes to ADELINA.

THE WEATHER AGAIN.

HEINE said, (exulting in the cool gloom of a cathedral in a real July) that Roman Catholicism was a very good religion for the Summer. If so, no wonder the POPE feels discouraged this year.

of long descent, drew a pistol, and but that his habitual unacquaintance with technicalities made him fire it into the ceiling instead of at the tyrant, the triumph of the latter might have been brief, had not the Earl also forgotten to put in any bullet. The hardships sustained by some of the actors were very sad. The Adelphi theatre was seized by SPURGEON, who contemptuously offered MR. PAUL BEDFORD (with a flippant jest at his Christian name, after the manner of Elephant Chapel) the place of clerk, but the brave actor punched his head, likened him to PUNSHON, and escaped. Less fortunate was MR. TOOLE, who was consigned to the Tabernacle Museum, and compelled to explain Otaheitan idols and other heathen curiosities, to the penny visitors, for nearly eight years, when he sprang out of window into a hay-cart, and was carried into South Wales. MR. ROBSON was brought before the Court of Star Chamber, (an odious memory revived in honour of MR. BRIGHT's paper,) and commanded to assume a real *Porter's Knot*, and carry tracts from Clapham to Islington. The fine elocutionary powers of MRS. STIRLING were made a pretext for setting her to teach reading to a wretched school class, where MISS LOUISA PYNE was also sent to instruct the jeering urchins in DR. WATTS's *Songs*. MR. BUCKSTONE vowed a revenge, and, affecting to be convinced of the error of his ways by the arguments of DR. VAUGHAN, succeeded in so far blinding his persecutors that they actually allowed him to address a crowded attendance of the Band of Hope and Juvenile Abstinents, when he suddenly sang the "Country Fair," threw his audience into convulsions, and sent home a thousand youthful missionaries to clamour in their households for reasonable recreation. For this offence BUCKSTONE was set in the pillory, but the people pelted him with roses, and cast *bonbons* into his mouth with affectionate precision of aim. MR. BOUICCAULT, having joined the Baptists, was permitted for some time to give the "Water Cure Scene" under a pretext that he was teaching the doctrine of his new sect, but his underhand device did not prosper, and the theatre was taken by the Board as a place for practising the lungs and oratory of youthful preachers. The Dramatic Authors would no doubt have equally suffered, only there were none, a machine having been invented and

exhibited at the International Show of 1872 for taking the plot and dialogue out of a novel, without the aid of a pen, and the general diffusion of the French language, consequent upon the French Treaty, having enabled managers to adopt the plan of MR. VINCENT CRUMMELES, and give out the originals of the English dramas to the performers. The hatred of the Dissenting Union to the drama was, however, manifested in every possible way, and woe to the unfortunate little child who, having heard from an elder companion of the glories of Fairy Spectacle or the fun of Christmas Pantomime, ventured to express in the presence of a Puritan an innocent wish to behold such things—assuredly the Solomonian counsel was not forgotten. Such were among the results of trusting to the moderation of Sectarianism.

SCIENTIFIC MEETINGS OF THE WEEK.

ASTRONOMICAL.



compelling Shooting Stars to take out licences was generally condemned.

N Monday, the President in the Chair. A paper by HERR VON ORBITZ on the Utilisation of Comets was read, the author contending that by the attaching salted wires to their tails and connecting them with ships, sailing in Great Circles might be largely assisted. MR. PERFOUGHT laid on the table some beautiful saucers of Star Dust, and PROFESSOR NOBELUS, of Leipsic, a large piece of the Perihelion of Mercury. MR. OWLS reported on some analytical tests which he had applied to liquid from the Milky Way, which he stated to be strongly flavoured with turnips. A memorial from the Great and Little Bears, representing that they were not like bears at all, and soliciting more appropriate and pleasing names, was read, and referred to a select committee. A discussion ensued on the proposed formation of a Lunar Alpine Club, and it was mentioned that a site for a club-house had been procured in the neighbourhood of Hanwell. MR. GLADSTONE's resolution for

ZOOLOGICAL.

Tuesday. The President in the Chair. It was officially announced that the Phenix, which has been so great an attraction during the season, had finally made up its mind to burn itself on Sunday the 10th, and as the bird is of an exclusive character, Fellows were requested to be very particular as to the persons to whom they gave orders for that day. The health of the large Whale was stated to be satisfactory, but the small one is melancholy and seems always going to blubber. MR. C. TATUS suggested that the absence of the PRINCE OF WALES from this country might have something to do with it. MR. MEEKE complained that somebody really ought to look after the tigers, which now went about loose, several members of his family having been eaten in the course of the last fortnight. It was promised that this should be seen to, and very gratifying accounts were given of the condition of these beautiful animals. The lamprey-pond was not thriving, and an interesting discussion arose as to the best means of feeding these fastidious fish. MR. COTTON WALTON recalled the fact that one of the Roman Emperors fed his lampreys with slaves, and the honourable Fellow in the most liberal manner offered his boy-in-buttons for the experiment. A vote of thanks to him (MR. C. WALTON) was recorded.

GEOLOGICAL.

Wednesday. The President in the Chair. MR. MUDDLEBY, on his admission as a member, read a paper on Primitive Trap, and showed a drawing which exhibited the trap as a brick supported by a thread on which pease were strung, and the mouse biting the thread brought the brick down upon him. As there seemed some mistake, the member was thrown out of window. A paper on the Use of Basalt for pickling purposes was read, as also some Studies on the Marbles of our great schools, and the Society engaged in ring-taw and other experiments for testing the comparative forces of the Alley and the Commoner. Some thunderbolts found on Mount Olympus were exhibited, and the eagle's clutch was clearly

traceable in their centre, as were the marks of fulminating powder at the extremity. A somewhat animated debate then arose upon the possibility of fracturing white marble in rhomboids, and several members produced hammers and proceeded to demolish their host's most beautiful and elaborately carved mantel-piece, just erected in order to demonstrate their theory, but in spite of some severe observations to the effect that all ought to give way to science, the noble owner resisted, and the meeting separated in no very good temper.

GEOGRAPHICAL.

Thursday. The President in the Chair. MR. DESCARTES produced a map which he had drawn of the interior of Madagascar, but it being elicited in discussion that he had never been there, and had composed the map from imagination, it was directed that the expenses of engraving it should not at present be incurred. CAPTAIN FLEUBLEN read a paper on the Subterranean Confluence of the La Plata and the Don. MR. GURGITY then brought forward his motion on the Maelström, and expressed his strong conviction that it was the duty of the Society to throw itself heart and soul into that whirlpool, and remove the reproach to science that we know nothing about the bottom of it. He should have been happy to lead the exploring party, but had a particular engagement elsewhere, but he invited members to sign and bind themselves to go down. We did not observe that the invitation was complied with. The Secretary regretted to say that a person whom he had sent to ascertain the depth of Pen Park Hole, supposed fathomless, had either fallen down it, or had spent the money elsewhere; at all events he had furnished no report. It was agreed that the Secretary himself be directed to descend the chasm, and if possible, to attend at the next meeting with the particulars.

STATISTICAL.

Friday. The President in the Chair. MR. COCKER read a paper showing that out of 121,374 persons who passed through Trafalgar Square every day, 119,187 made offensive observations about the No Lions. MR. DUMDIDDY produced his promised paper as to the number of persons who were asleep in London at half-past 11 p.m., and also as to the number that breakfasted in bed, but the member having unfortunately left the page with the figures upon it at his own residence, no immediate result was obtained. MR. LYNX adduced statistics which clearly showed that there are 7951 panes of glass in Upper Baker Street (not counting the lamps), and that it would take 59,311 Scotchmen, of average height, and laid at full length on the road, to reach from Arthur's Seat, Edinburgh, to Primrose Hill. The hon. member was highly complimented for his zeal. SIR NAPIER BONES then read an interesting paper, in which he stated that out of the 658 members of Parliament, 267 wore white hats, and of these 92 had black bands round them, and that the average of persons who, on fine Sunday afternoons, lie down in the Parks to those who stand up, is 23'30. PROFESSOR W. WIMBLE regretted that he had not been able to do much since the last meeting, but he had counted the people who went by his house on the tops of omnibuses in one day, and had ascertained that 62 per cent. of them wore no gloves.

THEOLOGICAL.

Saturday. The President in the Chair. The REV. IGNATIUS BLAZES produced some of the charred faggots of the pile at which SERVETUS was burned. SIGNOR FUOCO exhibited a photograph of the edict in revocation of that of Nantes. MR. WHITEHERET showed one of the poniards, and an arquebuss, used at the Massacre of St. Bartholomew. MR. LAFEU displayed a beautiful model of the Martyrs' Memorial at Oxford. MR. GRILLUM read a paper on the Anabaptists of Munster, and the iron cage of John the Prophet, adding a well merited compliment to SIGNOR TAMBERLIK for his masterly personation of the unfortunate fanatic. The REV. MR. EMBERS brought an original copy of the Act of Uniformity, MR. IGNISS read some extracts from the tyrannical ordinances of the Puritan Fathers, MR. DE LAVA showed a portrait of ARCHBISHOP LAUD, and MR. FYER BRAND exhibited photographs of MR. MIAL and DR. VAUGHAN.

PUNCH'S CAB-STAND.

BEWARE! of Hackney Carriage No. 1740.



PLEASANT—VERY!

ENRAGED TRADESMAN (knocked up at 3 a.m.) "What do you mean, Sir, by making this disturbance at this time o' night; breaking peoples' night's rest?"

INEBRIATED WANDERER. "Hush—oh!—You've got a bite! Shtrike him hard. Mag—nifshnt fish, shover-I-shee—pon my word an' honour!"

HOPE DEFERRED.

We read that:—

"The *Correspondencia Autografa* of to-day says:—'It is not impossible that, under certain conditions, and at a time not yet fixed, Spain might recognise the Kingdom of Italy.'"

The late SIR ROBERT PEEL was thought to have removed a pledge of support to the remotest distance possible when he replied to a Parliamentary agitator, "that if at some future time the honourable gentleman should ask leave to bring forward this proposition under entirely different conditions, and in a diametrically opposite way, he, SIR ROBERT, was not prepared to say that he would undertake to meet it with a distinct negative." The Spanish Minister must have been studying in the school of SIR ROBERT PEEL. *Punch* hopes—and in some sort believes—that the Kingdom of Italy can afford to wait.

The Two Nations.

ENGLAND.

"THE accused (of murder) was then removed, and on his way to the van that was in waiting to convey him to the cells, was assailed by cries of execration from the people assembled round the door of exit from the Court."

IRELAND.

"THE witness, under cross-examination, said that he took the name of Ross, who was a murderer, in order that he might receive kind treatment and friendship from the people. Also that many 'decent' people in the country were fond of murderers."

From adjoining columns in the *Times*, July 26, 1862.

YANKEEDOM TO ENGLAND.

WHAT hez England done to rile us
That we air so mad with you?
Don't you want to reconcile us?
You've done all you dared to du.
Jist to reaky from starvation
Them there weavers out o' feed,
You would try on mediation,
Ef you thought it would succeed.

Them Confederates in rebellin'
You'd encouridge if you dust,
Hearts with pent-up malice swellin'
In your buzzums, fit to bust.
We hev given you cause to hate us,
Ruinin' your cotton trade,
You must cuss and execrate us,
Tu attack us though afraid.

We hev scorned you, snubbed you, done you,
Hindered you and helped your foes,
Put the wust affronts upon you,
All but pulled you by the nose,
Tu embrile you in a quarrel,
Given you next to actual kicks,
Sarved you with a wuss than MORRILL
Tariff in your present fix.

Wal, in course it stands to reason,
Which the feelins can't suppress,
You must side with Southern treason,
If but wishin it success;
Writhin' like a alligator,
Troed on by a giant's heel.
It is only human natur'
Like that air for you to feel.

'Tis because you can't but cherish
Spite agin us in your breast,
And must pray that we may perish,
That we loathe you and detest.
'Tis our inborn disposition
Them we injures to abhor,
Tu rejoice in their perdition,
By a famine, plague, or war.

Guess we've one great consolation;
On our war your famine hangs,
So we raves with exultation
When on hunger's bitter pangs,
Your onhappy paupers bitin',
Our luxurious fancy gloats,
Whilst we still goes on a fightin'!
Cuttin' one another's throats.

GROUSE AND GENTLEMEN.

TOUCHING the Grouse, the *Edinburgh Courant* says:—

"The old birds are very numerous this season, although the young coveys do not number so many, nor are they so active as last year."

A fast young lady of our acquaintance says exactly the same thing about the Parties she goes to, though we have repeatedly told her that we will not have her call respectable middle-aged bachelors by the name of old birds, and that it is very naughty to talk of swells as young coveys. As for want of activity, we are glad of it—because if a young covey minds his Volunteer drill, he will not care for more than twenty-six or twenty-seven waltzes afterwards, and now she knows our opinion of her and her sentiments.

An American Euphemism.

IN Yankee language what a great improvement
On "a Stampede" is a "Strategic Movement";
A movement, pell-mell, to the right about:
In simple English, what we call a rout.

Wilkie and a Great Liberty.

MR. WHISTLER paints a picture of a woman in a white dress, and the Exhibitors, clutching at a popular title, call the work "*The Woman in White*." Then the critics say that she does not illustrate the novel of that name, and MR. WHISTLER answers that he never meant to do so, and simply intended to paint a woman in a white dress. We think the Exhibitors owe MR. WILKIE COLLINS amends, and ought to call the picture "*No Name*."